

BEST FOR THE BOWELS

If you haven't a regular, healthy movement of the bowels every day, you're ill or will be. Keep your bowels open, and be well. Force, in the shape of violent physic or pill poison, is dangerous. The smoothest, easiest, most perfect way of keeping the bowels clear and clean is to take



EAT 'EM LIKE CANDY
Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Be Good, Never Sickens, Weakens or Grips; 10, 25 and 50 cents per box. Write for free sample, and booklet on health. Address
Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago or New York.
KEEP YOUR BLOOD CLEAN

More Cow Money
You can invest in nothing that will bring you larger cash returns than the

EMPIRE Cream Separator

Guaranteed to turn more easily, to last longer, to be more easily cleaned, to give less trouble and to be more satisfactory in every way than any other separator. Simplest in construction. Investigate our claims—ask any Empire user. Handsome Catalogue Free.
EMPIRE CREAM SEPARATOR COMPANY, Bloomfield, N. J. Chicago, Ill.

FREE

HIGH GRADE Talking Machine.

THE GRAND TALKING MACHINE reproduces songs, speeches, band music, etc., as loud and clear as a \$50 machine; 20 inches long; uses either Columbia or Victor 10 or 12 inch disc records. In order to introduce MARVEL WASHING BLUE in every county in U. S. we will, for a limited time, give away a GRAND TALKING MACHINE ABSOLUTELY FREE to anyone who will agree to sell only 30 packages of MARVEL BLEUING at 10c a package. **DON'T SEND ANY MONEY.** We trust you. Order to-day and we will send the 30 packages of MARVEL BLEUING by return mail, postpaid; when sold send us our money, \$5.00, and we will promptly ship you this machine complete with 25 points including one of Uncle Josh's popular humorous pieces, or your choice of many other premiums equally as valuable. No charge for boxing, packing, etc. This is a rare opportunity to get a high grade Talking Machine for a very little work. Your friends will readily buy MARVEL BLEUING for it is the best in the world, and you will have a Talking Machine with which you can give entertainments or concerts in any size hall or room, as it is as loud and clear as a \$50 machine. It has a 14 inch Metal Amplifying Horn with concert sound box and piano finished base. All we ask after you receive this machine is that you will show it to four friends.

\$1,000 REWARD will be paid to anyone who can prove we do not give away the GRAND TALKING MACHINE exactly as described for selling only 30 packages of MARVEL BLEUING. Write to-day. Address
E. J. MORGAN BLEUING CO., Dept. 59, 173 Greenwich St., New York.

WANTED SOLDIERS' HOMESTEADS

The addresses of all Federal Soldiers, their widows or heirs, who filed a Homestead, on less than 160 acres before June 23rd, 1874. Will purchase Land Warrants issued to Soldiers of any war. Comrade W. E. MOSES, 76 Jacobson Block, Denver, Colo.

FENCE! STRONGEST MADE

Tight, Sold to the Farmer at Wholesale Prices. Fully Warranted. Catalog Free. COLLED SPRING FENCE CO. Box 234 Winchester, Indiana, U. S. A.

best by Test—75 YEARS. We WANT MORE SALESMEN **PAY CASH** Stark Nursery, Louisiana, Mo.; Huntsville, Ala.



Thanksgiving.

Thankful I'm living and moving to-day;
Thankful for light on the flower-strewn way;
Thankful for love and a heart light and gay;
Thankful to God
Who in bounty doth give Blessings unnumbered
As long as I live.

Thankful for home where my little ones sing;
Thankful for voices that happily ring;
Thankful for hands that so tenderly cling;
Thankful to God
For the love that He sheds
In measure unspoken
On my babies' heads.

Thankful for friends with their hearts ever true;
Thankful that troubles are only a few;
Thankful I'm walking 'midst roses, not rue;
Thankful to God
For His life-giving breath,
And a mansion beyond
The dark river Death.

Thankful for all that the Father bestows;
Thankful that Hope is a flower that grows;
Thankful for love that unceasingly flows;
Thankful to God;
And my homage I pay
To the Father in heaven
This Thanksgiving day.

Maywood's Thanksgiving.

Maywood did not feel especially thankful. Quite the contrary, for Maywood felt himself especially unfortunate. He had a good situation, but he was weighted down with the idea that he did not receive a salary commensurate with his services. He saw other men who worked less than he, but who rode in carriages while he walked or took the trolley cars. He saw men who never worked, but who wore tailor-made clothes while he was forced to be content with ready-made clothes bought at bargain sales.

As a matter of fact, Maywood had brooded over these things until he was in grave danger of becoming a misanthrope. Life was beginning to lose its charm, notwithstanding that Maywood had, in reality, many blessings.

Because of this biased view of his condition Maywood arose in a cynical mood on Thanksgiving morning. He ate breakfast in moody silence and spoke roughly to the baby because she accidentally overturned her little bowl of cereal.

"Our Thanksgiving dinner will be ready about 2:30, dear," said Mrs. Maywood as Maywood donned his overcoat.

"What have we to be thankful for?" growled Maywood.

"A great many things, dear," said Mrs. Maywood with a smile.

"I can't see it," growled her husband.

So Maywood hastily kissed his wife and children good-bye and started for the office, where he had some work that demanded attention, even though it were a holiday. At the office he went at his work without ambition. He felt he was a slave. He paused

now and then to think dismal thoughts, and to envy those whom he deemed more fortunate than himself. He allowed his mind to dwell on gloomy things until he actually believed he was the most unfortunate of men.

But finally his work was done and he closed his desk preparatory to going home. From the office he went further down town to purchase a few little articles his wife needed to make the Thanksgiving dinner more complete, although he could see no good reason for making an especial spread on Thanksgiving day.

At the corner he met a poor cripple who was turning a wheezy hand-organ, and the sight made him pause for a moment.

"Poor fellow," mused Maywood. "It must be hard to be in that condition." And instinctively Maywood squared his broad shoulders and rejoiced for a moment in his own health and strength.

The streets were thronged with happy people, but Maywood was not happy. As he strode along wrapped in his gloomy thoughts he saw a carriage turn a corner further down the street, and close behind it came a hearse with nodding plumes. As the hearse passed Maywood glanced at it and instinctively paused. Through the polished glass panels he saw a tin white coffin, upon which lay a few delicate flowers. Behind the hearse was a carriage, and seated therein was a woman with white, drawn face, her head resting upon the shoulders of a man who bore many evidences of a sorrow that wrenched his strong frame.

Maywood's thoughts flew toward the cozy suburban cottage where his own little ones were playing, full of health and happiness; and while his heart went out to the stricken parents in the carriage, he felt a feeling of joy surge over him, for thus far the angel of Death had passed his household by.

While Maywood was waiting for the clerk to tie up his purchases he looked towards the desk and saw the pinched features and heard the hacking cough of the bookkeeper.

"Consumption," whispered Maywood to himself as he let his eyes rest upon the bent form that pored over the ledger. And then Maywood drew a long breath and felt the warm tide of health sweep through his veins.

Maywood would not acknowledge it, but he began thinking along new lines. He recalled the poor cripple on the corner and contrasted that broken form with his own six feet of physical manhood. He looked back at the frail bookkeeper before he left the store, and his own chest expanded and his muscles swelled. He recalled the little coffin and the tear-stained face of the stricken mother, and his heart bounded with joy when he thought of his own hearty little ones waiting his home-coming.

Maywood actually smiled before he had walked a block. When he reached the corner where he usually took the car he stopped to wait, and as the throngs trooped by Maywood puckered his lips and actually whistled a rollicking march.

"Feeling good, old man," exclaimed a friend.

"First rate," replied Maywood.

And when Maywood jumped from his car and rushed into his little cottage, he flung his packages upon the table, threw his arms around his wife and whirled her around the room,

then tossed the babies high into the air.

"What on earth is the matter, dear?" said the astonished Mrs. Maywood.

"Thanksgiving, of course!" shouted Maywood. "Haven't we enough to be thankful for?"

And while Mrs. Maywood was wondering, Maywood kissed her again, and began rolling over the floor with the little ones.

Brain Leaks.

Some people come with thanksgiving, and others come with thanks, giving.

The truest thanksgiving results in giving others good reason for being thankful.

Stuffing one's self like a turkey is not the best way to observe Thanksgiving day.

If you are thankful for all your blessings you will have no time to grieve over your misfortunes.

The joy of giving thanks for what we receive is small compared with the joy of being thankful for an opportunity to give.

We are prone to complain so much and so long about some really trivial sorrow that we have no time to give thanks for the countless blessings that are ours.

An Electric Belt Free

Send Your Application At Once To The Physician's Institute.

They Will Send You Absolutely Free One of Their 100 Gauge Supreme Electric Belts, the Belt Which Has Made so Many Wonderful Cures—You Needn't Send Even a Postage Stamp, Just Your Name and Address.



Seven years ago the State of Illinois granted to the Physicians' Institute of Chicago a charter. There was need of something above the ordinary method of treatment for chronic diseases, something more than any one specialist or any number of specialists acting independently could do, so the State itself, under the powers granted it by its general laws, gave the power to the Physicians' Institute to furnish to the sick such help as would make them well and strong.

Ever since its establishment this Institute has endeavored in every possible way to carry out the original purposes of its establishment under the beneficent laws of the State.

Three years ago, the Physicians' Institute, realizing the value of electricity in the treatment of certain phases of disease, created under the superintendence of its staff of specialists an electric belt, and this belt has been proved to be of great value as a curative agent. From time to time it has been improved until it reached that stage of perfection which warranted its present name of "Supreme."

This belt is the most effective of all agents in the cure of rheumatism, lumbago, lame back, nervous exhaustion, weakened or lost vital functions, varicose, kidney disorders and many other complaints.

This "Supreme Electric Belt" is made in one grade only—100 gauge—there is no better electric belt made and no better belt can be made. Whenever in the opinion of our staff of specialists the wonderful curative and revitalizing forces of electricity will cure you we send you, free of all cost, one of these Supreme Electric Belts. It is not sent on trial, it is yours to keep forever without the payment of one cent. This generous offer may be withdrawn at any time, so you should write to-day for this free "Supreme Electric Belt" to the Physicians' Institute, 2087 Unity Building, Chicago, Ill.